

Ep. Poet. vol 35.

Sir * * * S P E E C H_k

UPON THE

PEACE.

To the Tune of the Abbot of Canterbury.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Lock*, in *Fleet-street*, 1739.

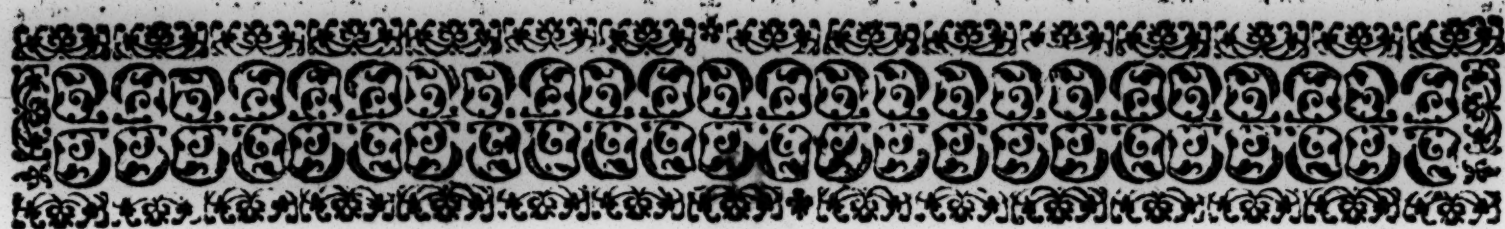
(Price Six-pence.)

Sit *** 29 ECH

PEACE



10



Sir *** SPEECH,

&c. &c.

Derry down, &c.

I'LL tell you a Story, how lately Sir *Blue*
Bespoke in great Glee all his 'Squires so true,
Here, brave Boys, is a Peace; so first give Approbation,
And take it anon into Consideration.

Derry down,

down, down, derry down.

II.

Of all the fine Treaties that ever were made,
Of all I remember, and all I have read,
A Treaty so glorious there never was known,
For this (I declare it) is quite all my own.

Derry down, &c.

III.

You shall find nothing here of a musty old Right,
Of a free Navigation, and Shiddle come Shite;
I know better Things, than to leave in the Lurch
My little *Don Fitz* for a Word like *No Search*.

Derry down, &c.

IV. The

IV.

The Cits they may rave about Slaves at *Caracca*,
As if 'twas th' Excise upon Wine and Tobacco ;
But here for your Honour, your Ears, and your Wounds,
Here's my famous old Plaister, some Thousand good [Pounds.
Derry down, &c!

V.

In such Reparation there's solid good Sense :
Who wou'd stand on Punctilio's, and let go the Pence ?
It's true, they have ventured to piss on our Flag,
But why shou'd Friends quarrel about an old Rag.
Derry down, &c!

VI. You

VI.

You may talk of your *Burleigh*, your *Raleigh*, and
Drake,

And all those mad Fellows that made *Spain* to quake;
 But forgive me to say, while I do myself Right,
 That I am the first have the Heart, *Not to Fight*.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

I have stood Kicks and Cuffs with a brave Moderation,
 By which I have saved a great Sum to the Nation;
 For had *Haddock* beat 'em as *Bing* did before,
 'Twou'd have cost us the Price of their Navy once more.

Derry down, &c.

VIII. What

VIII.

What tho' for some time we have lost all our Trade,
 While Treaties were making, which never were made;
 Yet here, my brave Boys, is an End of your Woes,
 For now Commissaries are turn'd Plenipo's.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

And to prove that our Rights can't be question'd again,
 I have got, I can tell you, the Great Seal of *Spain*;
 It will make amends for your Half Million Tax,
 When you see it so fair, and so fine upon Wax!

Derry down, &c.

X. So

X.

So I'll tell you once more, that no Human Invention
Cou'd ever have hit on so rare a Convention ;
Tho' the Merchants complain, and the Patriots bawl,
Believe, and stand by me, or G--- d--- you all.

Derry down, &c.

F I N I S.



